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# Judge

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IN DESPAIR.

Their powder was all burnt up in 1888.

# Judge

W. J. ARKELL. BERNHARD GILLAM.
I. M. GREGORY, *Editor.*

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ME TOO.—*Jacob Sloat Fassett.*

* * *

PROVERB—Never overload your gun.

* * *

UNCLE SAM wears a Benjamin Harrison hat this week.

* * *

MR. HILL packed his fire-crackers in snow and they won't go off.

* * *

THE BOOM of Uncle Sam comes every year and lasts until the next one.

* * *

IF YOU DON'T see what you want in the Democratic platform you can whistle for it.

* * *

THERE WAS too much powder in my gun, and it went off at the wrong end.—*James S. Clarkson.*

* * *

WE OBSERVE that our Chauncey adopts the JUDGE'S motto, "One good term deserves another."

* * *

NO, CHARLES; we cannot pardon the miserable grammar that mentions Whitelaw as a well-Reid man.

* * *

MR. WARNER MILLER, who fell outside the breastworks again, has much to say about bombs bursting in ear.

* * *

IF YOU ASK what state he hails from our sole reply shall be, he's lived some time in Washington, likewise in Indiannee.

* * *

THE NUMBER of stars in the national banner is quite large, but if the Democratic candidate will look at the bunting in November he'll see a million of them.

* * *

THE ABSENCE of Mr. Platt need not be alarming. A close search will probably reveal him somewhere under the sweat-band of Gran'ther Harrison's hat.

ONE OF THE SQUAD.

INSPECTOR—"Why didn't you help that lady across the street? What are you here for?"
OFFICER MINHANTY—"Shure, sor, it's Mrs. Minhanty, out shoppin'."

## OUR OWNEST BANG.

THE JUDGE nominated Benjamin Harrison. The cartoon giving the records of Quay, Wolcott, Alger, Clarkson and Platt had more effect on the Minneapolis convention than a dozen convention speeches. The JUDGE nominated Whitelaw Reid, putting him in the field several weeks ago. The JUDGE struck the key-notes of the nominations and the platform, and its picture of Harrison has gone into hundreds of thousands of homes for preservation. As the JUDGE went so went the convention in every respect. Never before has the work of a national gathering been so clearly indicated beforehand, and it furnishes some indication of the power and influence of the JUDGE in the campaign. This is the shot in the JUDGE'S cannon on this fourth of July, and the boom of the piece goes echoing from the Atlantic to the Pacific and all around the world.

Just watch the JUDGE and observe its way
Till you vote your vote on election-day.

## OUR JAMES.

IF MR. BLAINE ever doubted that he, right or wrong, was the idol of the Republican party, the doubt was dispelled by the twenty-four-minutes cheering his name got in the Minneapolis convention. No other man could have commanded that enthusiasm; and if affection had taken the place of sound judgment he could have ridden it to the white-house.

## THE PEOPLE RULE.

IT IS THE PEOPLE who speak and manage and order—not the office-holders or the practical politicians. That is the testimony of Mr. Platt, ex-distributor of federal patronage for this state; Mr. Fassett, ex-collector of this port; Mr. Warner Miller, ex-senator; Mr. Clarkson, Mr. Quay, and a number of gentlemen equally prominent. They say they are convinced of it, and they know.

## THE PARTY OF REFORM.

THE TARIFF will be the leading issue, as it ought to be. On that question the Republican party is anxious to meet its adversary. It shirks nothing. It is for honest money and honest votes. It is for temperance reform and all social and political advancement regardless of third and fourth parties, mugwumps and other cranks. It put up its banner against slavery in 1856. Its colors are flying for everything good to-day, and its arms are out against all meanness and mistake. Now put your faith in Benjamin and join the army that will win.

## ORATION BY M. S. QUAY.

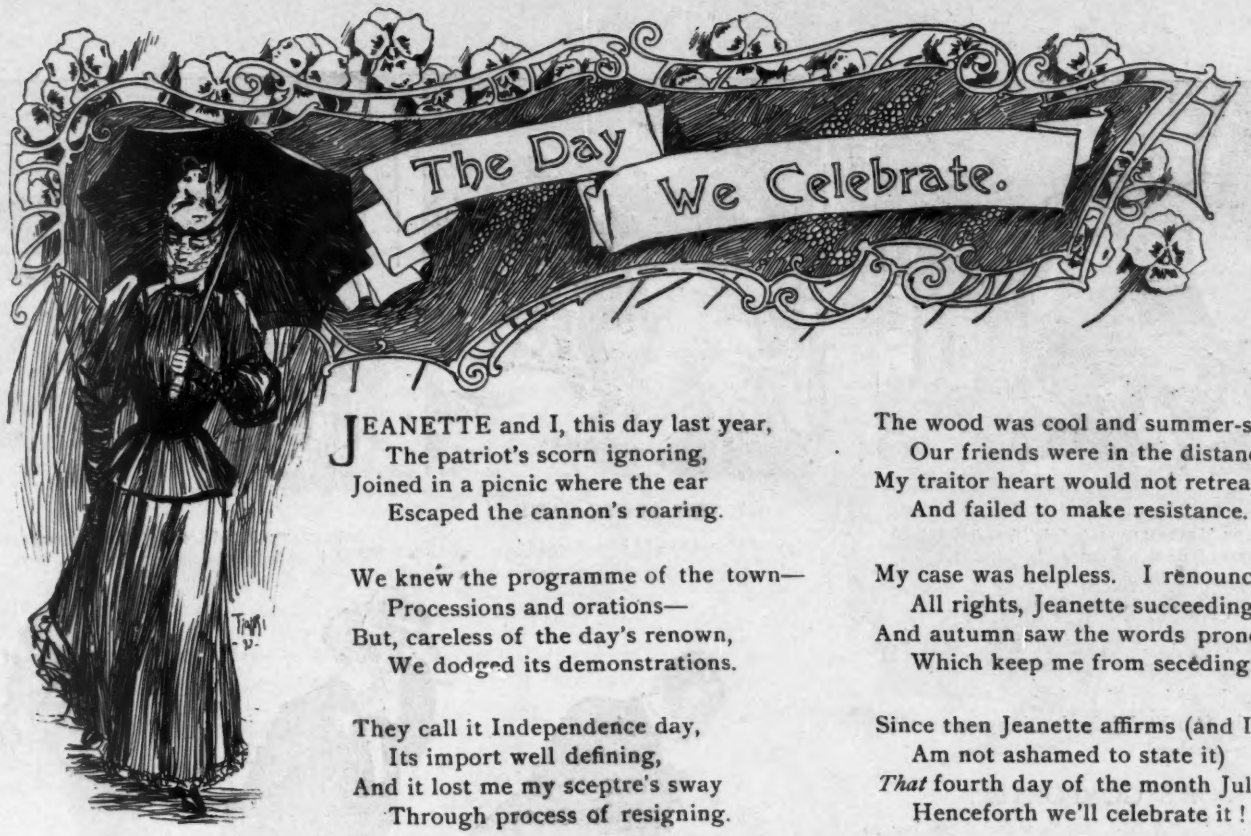
IT IS WELL to be cautious in the handling of fireworks. Thus a young man said directly after an uncontemplated explosion, "I must have lost my eyes because I can't see; and really I must borrow a pair of legs to get home with because I came off and left mine with my india-rubbers." He was dazed and embarrassed. And we never can be too cautious about anything. A thought or a motive gone wrong may do as much damage as a spark in a powder magazine. Oh, my friends, let us move slowly and contemplatively! Let us fix our eyes on the American banner and pray heaven to deliver us from accident and Chris. Magee.

## THE ACCIDENT TO LITTLE THOMAS.

"I HAD LOADED my little cannon," says Mr. Platt, casually nursing the splints of his arm and using his disengaged hand to feel his large expanse of court-plaster, "and it wouldn't go off. I stooped to examine the priming and I thought there wasn't any there; and just then it shooted up and blazed my hair and face till I couldn't see, and my yell and the gun went off together. It bu'sted the gun and that's what hurt me some; but I shouldn't have cared so much if I hadn't put the lighted punk in the panties pocket wot had the powder in. Oh, my! That was tough. Do you think I can paste my little cannon together again? And where is my little brother Jacob Sloaty? Can he be pasted together too?"

## YOUR UNCLE'S BIRTHDAY.

THE FOURTH is the day on which we congratulate ourselves. Sometimes we don't know why we do it, but we do. It may be a question whether noise is patriotism or congratulation, but if anybody knows a better method of expression he had better announce it and get a patent on it. Noise in connection with fire and a display of bunting is peculiarly satisfying. It may burst the drum, the cannon and the tympanum, but its result is soothing—if you lose your leg or your orator his nominative. Noise and color—the bursting bomb, the shrieking cracker, the music by the band, the oration of the hour, the red-white-and-blue, the blazing bonfire, the fizz, the whizz, the boom, the bang—hurrah for them and all of them, not forgetting the boy of the scorched heel and the singed eyelids! Then, too, the bunting has on it the words "Harrison and Reid—Protection, Reciprocity," and how satisfying and patriotic are they!




JEANETTE and I, this day last year,
The patriot's scorn ignoring,
Joined in a picnic where the ear
Escaped the cannon's roaring.

We knew the programme of the town—
Processions and orations—
But, careless of the day's renown,
We dodged its demonstrations.

They call it Independence day,
Its import well defining,
And it lost me my sceptre's sway
Through process of resigning.

The wood was cool and summer-sweet,
Our friends were in the distance;
My traitor heart would not retreat,
And failed to make resistance.

My case was helpless. I renounced
All rights, Jeanette succeeding;
And autumn saw the words pronounced
Which keep me from seceding.

Since then Jeanette affirms (and I
Am not ashamed to state it)
*That* fourth day of the month July,
Henceforth we'll celebrate it!

MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

AN ARTICLE in contemplation of southern lynchings is crowded out by a recent occurrence in Port Jervis, New York.

## A STRONG MAN.

THAT PRESIDENT HARRISON was a good fighter was shown during the civil war. That he is that to-day was proved in the late convention. That his administration thus far has been strong, discreet, wise, and an honor to the people he serves, nobody questions. That it will be better during the succeeding four years, if that is possible, will be a natural result of his experience. As a fighter, a statesman, an orator, a president for quiet days and one for emergencies, is there a better man than Benjamin Harrison? Not one.

SHINE.

RAIN.

A suggestion to milliners; or, how to save the flowers from being spoiled on a rainy day.

HAD MR. BLAINE cried out a few days ago to be saved from his friends it would have been a good prayer.

* * *

THE NEXT GREAT QUESTION—Whether the hordes of Europe shall overwhelm us with their vice and poverty, or whether we shall protect ourselves against them.

* * *

GENERAL BUTLER most feels his age when he looks around for somebody to fight with and immediately reflects that all his opponents are dead. Then he is so exasperated that he wants to club his own head.

* * *

"DRAT IT!" said the queen when congratulated on her latest birthday, "I doesn't know vich o' the birthdays it is, they comes so hoften, an' I that nervious there be no figgers for dates in all me bloomin' 'ead."

* * *

A YANKEE SKIPPER went ashore at a town in Honduras and remarked angrily, "Ef y' don't stop shootin' so near my vessel I'll stop yer hull darned revolution." We might almost rely upon that kind of firmness to quell a game of base-ball.

A VOICE AT THE CAUCUS.

THE SPEAKER—"I want to assert that in my opinion my opponent's assertion has not the slightest color!"
SLATTERY (*waking up*)—"Mishther chairman! Paint it green an' lave it go."

PRIVATE MULHOLLAND (*of the Troy irregulars*) —"Wait now, fellers, till yer see his nibs kick!"

AT THE STATE CAMP.

!!!—!!—!!!!—!—!!!

PRIVATE MCMACK (*of the same command*)—"I had dat wax foot made a purpose, boys."

## GOOD FOR POLLY.

"MY PARROT is a patriotic bird," said Brekkus.

"As to how?" asked Barlow.

"On the fourth of July she always says 'Polly wants a fire-cracker.'"

## JOB'S COMFORTER.

*First dog*—"A bad boy has tied a cracker to my tail."

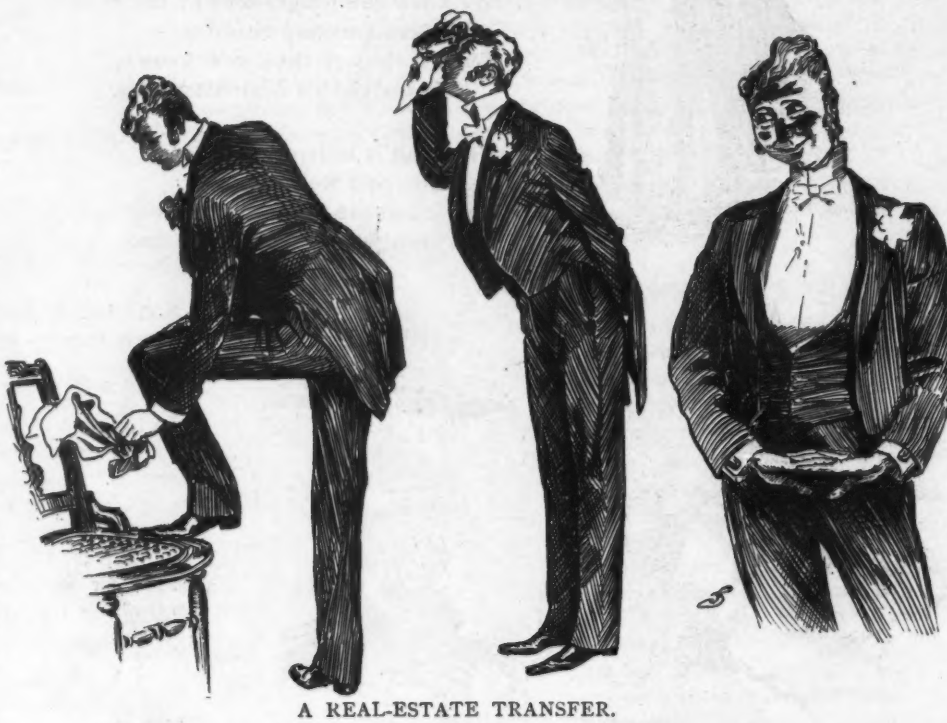
*Second dog*—"Never mind. It will soon go off."

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

*Mike O'Flanagan* (just landed, meets an old country friend bedecked for a fourth-of-July parade) —"Bedad! an' yez is foine. But phwat do it all mane, Pat?"

*Pat Rafferty* (striking his spread-eagle chest) —"It manes pathriotism, Moike. Shure, Oi'm ez pathriotic ez anny Amirikin av thim all."

*Mike*—"Faith, an' yez must be to be afther changin' yer name so soon. Yez wuz Pat Rafferty whin yez lift ould Oireland t'ree mont's ago, an' now it's Pat Rottic yez be, an' Oi don't t'ink much av yer new name mesilf, begob!"



A REAL-ESTATE TRANSFER.

"I'll just get some of this dust off with my handkerchief." "Phew! rather warm in here. Wonder if she is at home." "Ah! here she comes."

## NOTHING LEFT.

TRAMP—"Madam, you may not believe it, but I was once a prosperous business man, the sole owner and proprietor of one of the largest flannel-shirt factories in the country; and now behold me, absolutely penniless!"

KIND LADY—"How did you become reduced to such straits?"

TRAMP—"Alas, madam! I had an enemy. He bored a hole in the roof of my factory and one fatal day it rained."

## IT WAS A BIG ONE.

"THAT was the biggest and noisiest cannon-cracker I ever heard," said Trivvet after the explosion.

"But it seems to have met its match," replied Dicer.

## HIS ONE WISH.

*Mrs. Brown*—"Keep quiet, Johnnie. The doctor says you mustn't talk."

*Little Johnnie*—"Just answer me this, ma. Will I be well again by the next fourth?"

## A DIFFERENT DATE.

"BOGGS says that the eleventh of July will be Independence day for him—the first he'll celebrate since he was married."

"How is that?"

"He expects to get his divorce-papers on that date.

## UTILE DULCI.

*Mrs. Cantwell*—"You should be ashamed to sell fire-crackers to a little boy."

*Dealer*—"Well, ma'am, I do the best I can. With every pack I give a bottle of arnica."

## HE DISAPPROVED.

*Sappy*—"I cawn't say I appwove of the way in which the fourth of July is celebwated, doncher knaw."

*Cumso*—"Why not?"

*Sappy*—"It isn't English, yer knaw."

## THE GERRYMANDERED MAN.

THE RECENT reapportionment is hard tew understand;
It chucks us in weth Spilkinsville an' kills our local band.
Them chaps down on the railroad that used tew call us jays
An' egg us when we went tew town will hev tew change their ways.

The old associations, they hev vanished like a dream,
Weth fifteen dollars 'lection-days fer hitchin' up my team
Tew resurrect old moss-backs who fergot the time of year.
B'gosh! the country 's ruined, an' I cain't restrain this tear.

Whar is the deestrict chairman weth his letters by the quire
Weth my name on the envelope beside a big "esquire";
Weth eel-skins, postage-stamps an' sich, an' accidentally
A picter of some gineral on a sawbuck or a V?

Whar will we hold mass-meetin's now; what tavern patronize?
What kind of seegyars will we smoke; what drink our throats surprise?
B'gosh! I'm stumped when thinkin', an' it grieves me tew the soul.
Why, a presidential 'lection used tew buy my winter's coal!

I'm sad tew see sech doin's—changin' counties round an' such.
We're mixed weth wayback hayseeds, city Irishmen an' Dutch.
The good ole honest days is gone when only statesmen ran
Fer office, an' I've lost my grip. I'm a gerrymandered man.

A. T. WORDEN.

UNCLE TREETOP—"I've got an achin' old snag I've been waitin' six weeks tew git jerked out."
DR. BROWNEYES—"Will you take gas?"
UNCLE TREETOP—"I hain't much used ter gas. Can't ye use kerosene?"

WHERE DID SHE HAIL FROM?

BAD LITTLE ROGER—"Won't you please move a little, Miss la Salle? Dick and I want to play our boats are in the dry-dock." (*Referring to her footprints.*)

## QUESTION OF COLOR.

*Miss Penstock*—"Lem'l Johnsing, de 'cashun ob de fourf ob July will not habe de pleasuah ob seein' us togedder."

*Lem'l Johnsing*—"Whad habe I dun gone an' dun now, Elinder?"

*Miss Penstock*—"Yo' taste fo' kullor am not 'cordin' ter de edicks ob high-tone sassiety."

*Mr. Johnsing*—"Dat's ter moughty bad. Dar I habe gone an' spen' two dollars an' forty-fibe cents fo' dose lemon-kullor trouser-loons"——

*Miss Penstock*—"Duz I heah right? Am yo' shuah dat de tint am lemon?"

*Mr. Johnsing*—"Dat's de trouf."

*Miss Penstock*—"Den I take back my 'ershuns. I heerd dat yo' habe pick out de lilack pair. We's dun gone be seen togedder, my chile. Dar's nuffin' dat spile de 'fect ob my 'plexshun like lilack. Yo' am my comp'ny fo' de day."

H. S. KELLER.

## THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR.

I HAVE a strange feeling just now. There is something troubling me, and yet I cannot remember what it is. Ah, that is it. I know I have forgotten something. Can it be anything that I left behind me in the house? No. I am standing here on the lawn and I have no intention of going away, and yet I have that strange feeling of oppression as if there was something I should do, and yet for the life of me I cannot think what it is. What can it be? It is strange that I cannot remember. I know it is the fourth of July and I hear noises on every side, and I presume they must confuse me. Something tells me that I should act, and yet what shall I do? I—— * * * * ! ! ! ! ! * * * * * * * * * * * * Ah, now I know what it was. That boy put a lighted rocket in my hand.

HOW UNCLE PILGRIFF KILLS FLIES.

"If th' ole ear 's got that same ole snap—— ——I've got him."

### FAVORS SUDDENLY STOPPED.

OPERATOR (*at High Hill, Chicago*)—"Seventy-five cents, please."

MR. ROILANCE—"What! Don't you know that I'm president of this road and have all my messages franked?"

OPERATOR—"You don't get this one without payin'."

MR. ROILANCE—"You're discharged, you rascal!"

OPERATOR—"No, I ain't; you are. Th' message says th' New York directors have elected Mr. Smoots over your head."

### NATURALLY.

ON INDEPENDENCE DAY I saw the races
(The people came from east, south, west and north).
I bet my gold—ah, saddest of all cases!
My horse came in a very glorious fourth.

### HER USUAL CUSTOM.

*Mrs. Bleecker*—"How do you expect to celebrate Independence day, Mrs. Laker?"

*Mrs. Laker* (of Chicago)—"I expect to get a divorce, as usual."

### HIS METHOD.

*Spatts*—"How do you think the fourth of July ought to be celebrated, Grumm?"

*Grumm*—"With smokeless powder and noiseless pyrotechnics."

### A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

"This is the biggest fool gridiron I've ever struck. I jus' dropped de chop on it an' de whole bottom burnt out."

### NOT USED TO IT.

SHE—"Your English friend seems to be dreadfully uneasy."

HE—"Yes. He has on a suit of American clothes that fits him and it makes him uncomfortable."

### HIS ENJOYMENT.

"YOU MUST wake me at the usual hour in the morning," said Shattuck to his wife on the evening of the third of July.

"You are not going to the office, are you?"

"No; but I want to have the supreme satisfaction of rolling over and going to sleep again."

### A NATURAL DECREASE.

THEY had nine children, and the worst
Went out to celebrate;
And when they heard the cannon burst
They knew they had but eight.

### UNDER FAVORABLE CIRCUMSTANCES.

*Mrs. Brown*—"That poor woman was broken-hearted over the loss of her only son, who was blown up while firing off his cannon. She said she hoped he was in heaven."

*Mrs. Malaprop*—"I guess he is, my dear. He got a good start."

### THE TRAINED CAR-HORSE.

MR. DILLENBACK (*who has chased the car*)—"I've a great mind to have you discharged for not stopping when I hailed you."

THE DRIVER—"I didn't see yez, sor."

DRIVER (*in a whisper to the nigh horse*)—"Spat him, Billy!"

AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

DUNKEY—"Step around to the other side of the case, Bertha. There's the finest pair of old mummies there in the collection."

MR. CAMEAWAY—"Hold my grip a minnit, Huldy. They's trouble a-brewin' fer some one."

## WHY SOME PEOPLE LIKE THE FOURTH.

BECAUSE it's one holiday more a year anyhow.

Because one may get dizzy and be forgiven.

Because it's so much nearer to the next public holiday.

Because it gives them a chance to go fishing and lie about it.

Because the dear girls at home put extras on the dinner-table.

Because their love of noise is second only to their love of peanuts.

Because the troublesome small boys have a chance to kill themselves.

Because they may show off the latest thing in tennis-blazers and yachting-suits.

Because it gives them a whole day for love-making and love's ineffable ineffableness.

Because roasting potatoes in a bonfire is a pleasure not experienced every day in the year.

Because they may make the same patriotic speeches they made last year and the years before.

Because one may go out into an open lot, play ball in the hot sun for four hours and think it fun.

Because it's jolly good fun to go to the race-track and come home with empty pockets and a full philosophy.

N. M. I.

MISS FOOTFLINGER (*of the Casino*)—"This is very aggravating. My skirt will not be finished until to-morrow. What shall I do?"

## HOIST BY HIS OWN PETARD.

HARD was the luck the youngster ran on;
His chance for life is rather slim.
He undertook to fire his cannon
And found the cannon fired him.

## WHAT HE REGRETTED.

*Willie Snively* (sympathizing with the victim of an exploded toy-cannon)—"Poor Sammy! the doctor cut off two of your fingers and spoiled your fourth, didn't he?"

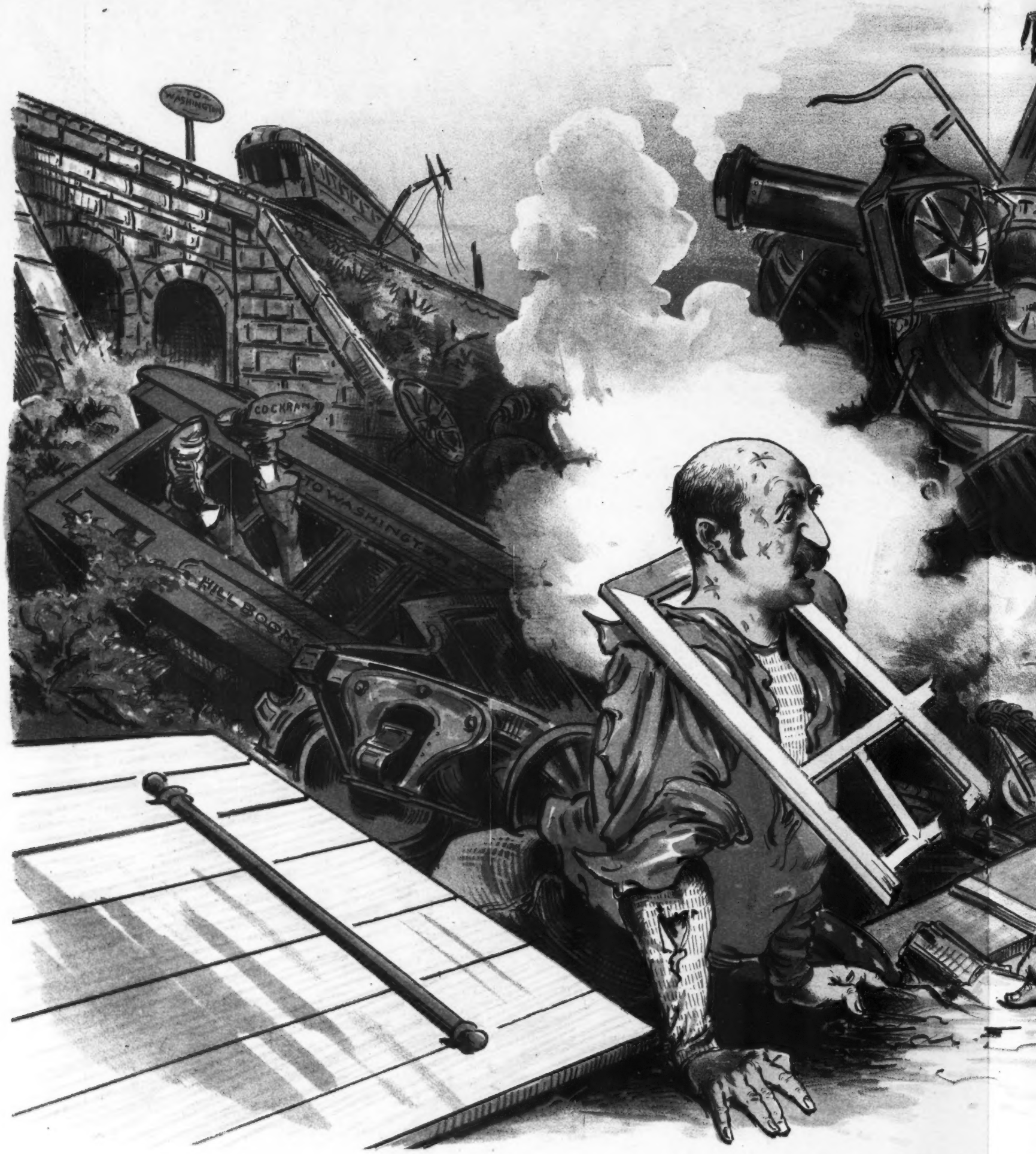
*Sammy Snodgrass*—"Yes. I wouldn't have minded that; but after the doctor was gone pop wouldn't let me shoot any more, and it was only four o'clock too."

"I have an idea!"

"Ha, ha! Just a fit!"

UTILIZING THE LAMP-SHADE.

Daily press the next morning—"The greatest feature in the new opera was the short-metre dance by Miss Footflinger, who has an original costume made by Worth."




"WELL, I'LL BE

'LL BE ——!!"

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho Co New York

## JULY FOURTH—HURRAH FOR US!

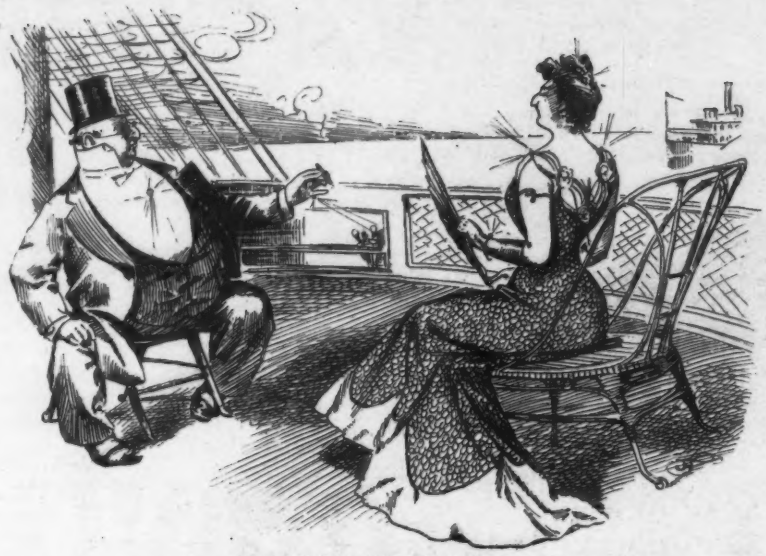
BECAUSE the early morning cracker 's cracking like possessed,
If any man 's complaining that he's broken of his rest;
If any fellow 's crusty over so much buzz and fizz
And the shouting and the popping—let him tell us who he is!
We'd like the chance to scorn his poor, unpatriotic spirit,
Who listens to the rumpus and who doesn't like to hear it.

Hurrah for all the noisy boys that riot everywhere
With cracker and torpedo and with hubbub and with blare;
For every country lad who brings a rosy country maid
To city sights and soda-water, peanuts and parade;
For every workman idling by exactly as he pleases,
For every flag that shakes itself against the buoyant breezes!

Hurrah for every orator who roars with might and main,
Declaring that we lead the world and swearing it again;
Who never mentions drawbacks, but with allegiance proud
Believes in Yankee glory and yells it to the crowd!
Hurrah for independence and the swagger of the nation
That dares to snap its fingers at the rest of all creation!

Star-spangled Banner, oh, and Yankee Doodle-doo;
Hail Columbia, Happy Land; Red, White and Blue!
Let us have it once a year, boisterous and free,
Vaunting it and flaunting it for all the world to see.
Who's afraid of ridicule? Who's ashamed of bluster?
Let us, just for one short day, polish up our lustre!

MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD.



GETTING ACCLIMATED.

BLUMENTHAL (*who has blossomed out with a steam-yacht and is taking his first trip up the sound*)—"Look languid, Leah. Don'd gif it avay dot ve vos new."

A SUDDEN CASE OF——

ART EDITOR—"While your sketch is hardly up to the publication standard, I have no doubt that with application you will eventually rank with the foremost of our illustrators."

——THE BIG HEAD.

LEAGUE STUDENT—"Thank you, sir."

### JUST LIKE.

"JENKS asks almost every young lady he meets to marry him."

"He's like a great big fire-cracker."

"How so?"

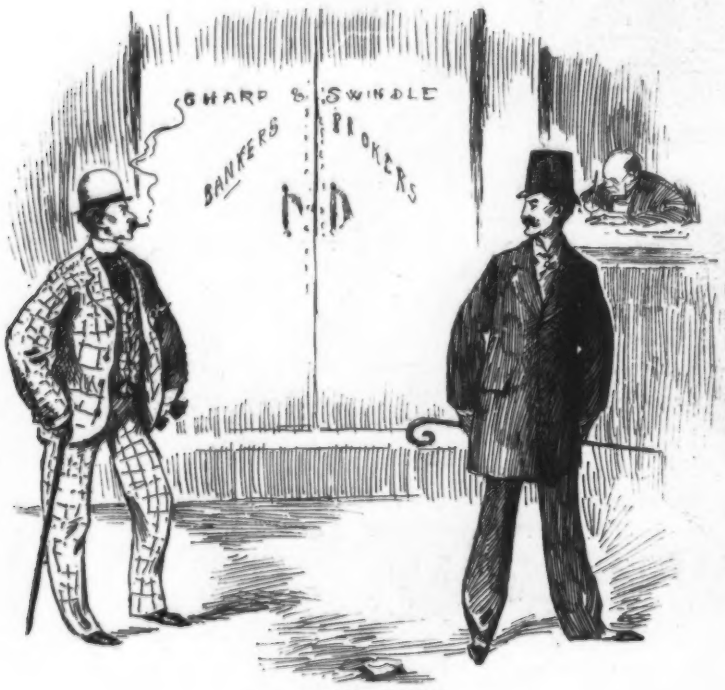
"He's such a splendid popper."

### REVENGE.

*Fangle*—"I don't think I ever heard such noisy fire-crackers on any previous fourth of July."

*Cumso*—"The Chinese are making them with louder reports this year as revenge for the Chinese exclusion bill."

IT MUST be a very deaf man who does not know that the fourth of July is loaded.




UNMERCIFUL.

WIGGINS—"Great Scott, Jack! where did you get that suit?"
BORROWIT—"At a slaughter-sale."
WIGGINS—"Well, if you don't want to get into trouble you'd better bury the remains."

PARADOXICAL.

LAWYER HOLDEM—"You say you were never in Dublin?"
MRS. MCGUIRK—"Oi wor not."
LAWYER HOLDEM—"How do you account for this document which says you were there in eighteen-seventy?"
MRS. MCGUIRK—"Thot wor me daughter, sor. She wor bor-rn there about thot time."

The racing season now is here,
And, pray you, stranger, don't forget
This tip—the surest of the year:
"Tis better, bettor, not to bet.
—*Chicago Mail.*

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething; soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

*Mr. Ketchum* (of the law firm of Ketchum & Skinnem)—"Isn't Johnny, the office-boy, unusually attentive to business these days?" *Mr. Skinnem*—"Yes; works overtime and keeps everything as neat as a pin." *Mr. Ketchum*—"H'm! that boy is either stealing from us or he's nursing an ambition to join the firm."—*Chicago Tribune.*

*Mr. Hacking Koff*—"Doctor, didn't you make a mistake in going into medicine instead of the army?" *Dr. Eagle*—"Why?" *Mr. Koff*—"By the way you charge your friends, there wouldn't be much left of an enemy."—*Wasp.*


CHAFING,
PRICKLY-HEAT,
Perspiration,
Speedily Relieved by

# PACKER'S TAR SOAP.

"The Little Finger Does It."

## AUTOMATIC-REEL.

It will wind up the line a hundred times as fast as any other reel in the world. It will wind up the line slowly. No fish can ever get slack line with it. It will save more fish than any other reel. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Manipulated entirely by the hand that holds the rod.

YAWMAN & ERBE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.


Veuve Clicquot, Yellow Label, always the finest, is *now* also the *dryest* champagne.

"They are the homeliest pair I ever saw. I wonder how they ever came to marry?" "They courted each other over the telephone."—*Cape Cod Item.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

How doth the busy little ant
Rejoice in picnic signs;
It bathes its feet in cream and pie
And dries them on our spines.
—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*


BOKER'S BITTERS since 1828 acknowledged to be by far the best and finest Stomach Bitters made, whether taken pure or with wines or liquors or other cordials.

THE CELEBRATED

# SOHMER

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Are at Present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists.
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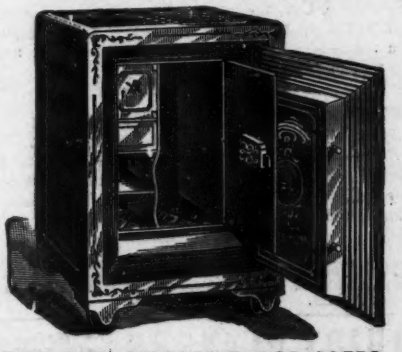

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The vigilance committee, they strung him up sky-high,
And swinging from the old oak limb they left the man to die;
But the next day, in the justice court, with law they had to cope.
They sued the man for damages because he broke the rope. —*Atlanta Constitution.*

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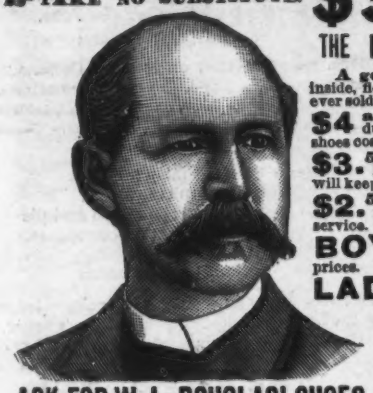

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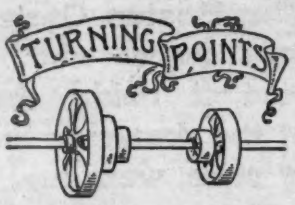
There is a tide in the affairs of man, which, if taken at its flood, leads on to "Victors."




Do you know that the wheel is the connecting link between barbarism and civilization, poverty and wealth; that by it the world moves, and upon it all great work depends?

Do you know that the horse which staggers with 500 pounds upon his back trots off easily with 2000 pounds loaded on wheels?

Do you know that if you were chained to 500 lbs. of iron in the form of a cube you would die if bread was but one-eighth of a mile off?—that in a cask you could roll 2000 lbs. around the earth?

Do you know that every time you step you lift your weight (say 150 lbs.) one inch, which added up makes a lot at the end of a day?—that on a bicycle you can go farther, faster and easier in the same time?

Take the wheel from the locomotive and one-half the world's industry would die. Remove it from the car, carriage and factory, and the wealth of the world would dwindle nine-tenths. You would hear of no Goulds, no Astors, no Vanderbilts. Wall Street would go down a tradition to future generations.

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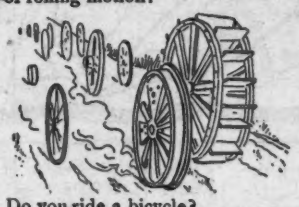

Do you ride a bicycle?

Are you satisfied to move along as your grandfathers did before you; patient and plodding, so long as you get there some time?

Or would you rather keep pace with the world as it rolls on, and look better, feel better, work better; to strengthen every muscle by enjoyable exercise, instead of dying for the want of it?

Would you rather have a clear head, carry it high, and be able to hit hard, jump high, sleep sound and eat well, or allow many muscles to lie dormant and wear out by rusting out?

And finally:

If you are satisfied that the bicycle is the "noblest wheel of 'em all"—that it is the steed of the immediate future, and the one to bestow upon you what medicine cannot—viz: good health—then the question arises, which bicycle is best?

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It was nearing evening. The roar and rumble of the train as it rushes on increases. The lights in the palatial cars are gleaming as the express plunges into the tunnel. The journey is nearly over and one would expect to see mirth and joy among the passengers, pleased at reaching their journey's end. But what is the trouble! Strong men shake with terror and women look in vain for protection from their escorts. Pocket-books are hastily opened and the contents brought forth. The women remove their rings. Has the train been held up by robbers? No, my friends; the porter is coming down the car with his whisk-broom.—*Yale Record.*


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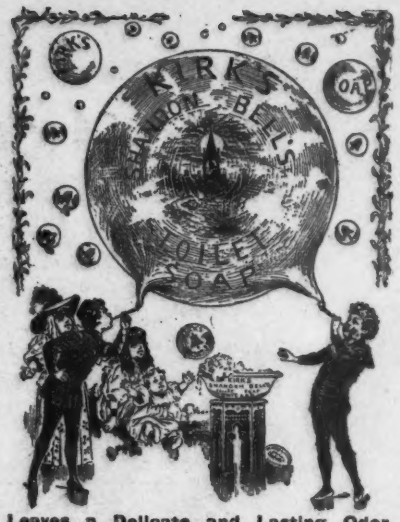


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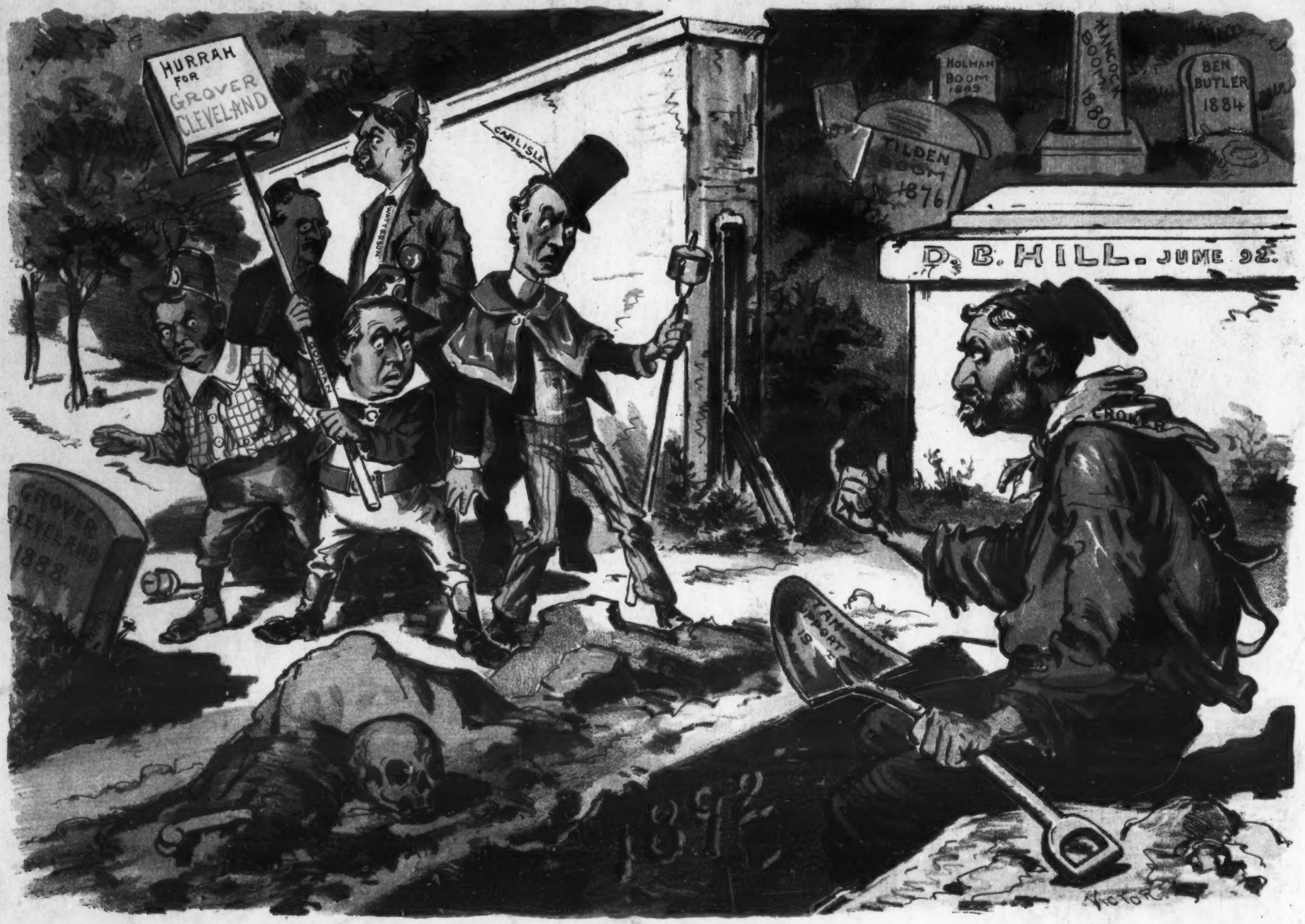


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